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CHRISTMAS STOCKING SERIES

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SNUGGY
BEDTIME
STORIES



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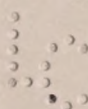
CHRISTMAS STOCKING SERIES

SNUGGY BEDTIME STORIES

by
John Howard Jewett
Author of "The Bunny Stories"

With eight illustrations in color
BY ANNA MILO UPJOHN

And numerous illustrations in black and white
BY VARIOUS ARTISTS



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The Water-Melon Story

was
outgrew
almost as
was big enough
knickerbockers,
to get into mischief
ying to talk and act
another boy-monkey

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older and bigger than himself, whose name was Monkey-Pug.

Then the other monkeys in the neighbourhood shortened his name to Snug, which made him feel as if he was already grown-up and too old to be amused with toys and picture books.

Snug was very fond of stories in which something happened to make things lively and interesting, and before his first knickerbockers were worn out by climbing trees for birds' nests, or chasing his ball over stone walls and through bramble bushes,

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he began early to help make stories himself.

Some of the stories he helped to make were often lively, but not always as amusing as he thought they would be when he planned them.

One of these stories happened when the water-melons were ripening in a neighbour's field, on the other side of an orchard between his home and the melon-patch.

One afternoon Monkey-Pug, who was older and bigger, played truant from school, and at recess called Snug over to the other side of the stone wall. Then

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Monkey-Pug told him how easy it would be to get one of the water-melons, when the other school-mates were not around, by staying out with him after the bell rang to call the others into school again.

Snug agreed, and crept into the bushes with Monkey-Pug and hid until all was quiet.

Then they climbed over the stone wall and picked out the biggest and ripest water-melon they could find, and began to roll it over and over to the stone wall.

The melon was a monstrous one, but Pug said



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that together they could boost it over the wall, and then lie down out of sight and eat it.

When they had managed by much lifting and tugging, to get it on the top of the wall, Monkey-Pug climbed over the wall to let it down easy on the other side.

Just then they heard a voice near by and Monkey-Pug told Snug to "scoot" for the orchard, and he would lie low behind the wall.

Snug ran and climbed the nearest tree just in time to be discovered by the owner of the field.

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“So, I’ve caught you stealing my fruit, you



young rascal,” shouted the man-monkey.

“I’m not stealing the fruit,” replied Snug.

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“What are you doing up there then?” demanded the owner.

“Resting a little” answered Snug.

“That’s a likely story,” said the owner. “What made you so tired?”

“Running to get away,” answered Snug.

“Get away from what?”

“That switch you have in your hand,” was the reply.

“Been up to some mischief, have you? Tell me what you have done,” said the owner.

“Nothing much, didn’t get half through?” replied Snug, feeling that he was

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getting cornered, but anxious to put off the switching as long as possible.

“What have you been trying to do?” demanded the man-monkey.

Snug hesitated for an instant between the truth and a lie, and then frankly replied, “Trying to steal a water-melon, sir.”

“Well, I like that. Why didn’t you lie about it,” said the owner with less sternness.

“Because I would rather take the switching now and have it over with, than sit up here any longer thinking about it.”

“You can come down,

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youngster," said the man-monkey, "I'll break up this switch, you don't need it."

"Don't break the switch," cried Snug, "Keep it whole and give it to me."

"How do you know I wouldn't break my word and use the switch on you, if I do not break up the switch?" asked the owner.

"Because you wouldn't dare to," said Snug.

"Dare to what?" asked the man.

"Break your word. My mother says no gentleman-monkey ever does—and I can make a whistle-whip out of that willow sprout

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if you will let me have it," replied Snug, as he scrambled down the tree and stood before the man-monkey, who seemed more pleased than angry about the matter.

Taking Snug by the hand the man-monkey then led him into the house where he gave him two slices of the largest and ripest and sweetest water-melon he had ever tasted in his life, and invited him to come again when he was hungry for water-melon.

When Snug reached home the teacher had reported his absence from school after recess, and for

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punishment Snug was shut up in his own room alone until the next morning, with only bread and water for supper, which wasn't so bad as it might have been for the water-melon had taken the edge off of his appetite.

The evening was long, and his conscience not quite easy, for he wondered whether Monkey-Pug had gotten away with the melon or left it behind, and he thought it would have been better to have told a little more of the truth, while he was about it, to the man-monkey.

Before going to sleep he

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resolved to do so in the morning, and to take his full share of the blame, instead of putting it upon Monkey-Pug who had really led him into this thieving scrape.

Shut up in his room alone Snug did not even dream of what had happened to Monkey-Pug after they parted in such haste.

When Monkey-Pug told Snug to "Scoot," the huge melon was on top of the stone wall, and in his haste to get out of sight and to hide himself, he tugged at the melon until it rolled off the wall and came

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crashing down upon him, pinning him to the ground underneath.

The weight of the melon nearly squeezed the life out of him, and he lay there for some time helpless but afraid to call for help.

At last a bright idea came to him. As his arms were free, by twisting and turning he was able to get his jack-knife from his pocket, and began to cut a hole through the rind around the lower side and nearest his head.

After much gouging and whittling he managed to make a large opening

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and then began the pleasant task of eating up the sweet and juicy inside of the melon.

The more he ate the larger the hole became, and the lighter the melon pressed upon the lower part of his body and legs, until at last he was able to crawl from under the great shell, and to creep inside and finish the whole of it, out of sight and sheltered from the heat of the afternoon sun.

The quarters were so cozy and his body so full of water-melon that he soon became drowsy and fell asleep. There is no

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knowing how long Monkey-Pug would have slept, curled up in his sweet-smelling round house, had not the man-monkey and one of his neighbours chanced to take a stroll through the melon-patch and discovered that the biggest and best one of the lot had disappeared.

The trail was plain to the wall, and upon looking over the wall they saw the missing melon with a litter of seeds and rind around the lower edges. They turned over the hollow shell and to their surprise there lay Monkey-Pug rubbing his eyes open,

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and looking as if he had been rudely wakened from a bad dream, as they pulled him out by the collar and began to question the frightened monkey.

“What became of the inside of this melon?” demanded the owner.

“Had to eat it up to get out from under it,” sullenly answered the culprit.

“Did you eat it up all alone?” asked the owner.

“Had to, there wasn’t anyone here to help me,” answered the moist and sticky Monkey-Pug.

“Made a pretty good luncheon all by yourself, I

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should say," remarked the neighbour.

"Must have had quite a picnic," added the owner.

"Comes pretty near being a miracle," said the neighbour. "I don't see where he could put it all, and still have had room to house himself inside."

"That's no miracle," replied the owner of the melon, "I have a pig that can do the same thing. That little pig will eat two buckets full of meal and milk for breakfast, and when he has finished I can drop him into one of the buckets and he doesn't fill it half full. It is only a

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way some pigs have, and this thieving monkey seems to have the same kind of an appetite.”

Then the man-monkey took Monkey-Pug by the ear and said:

“If you don’t die of stomachache to-night, and wish to live to grow up with a whole bone in your body, you would better keep out of my melon-patch in future.

“Now be off with you, and give yourself a good rinsing in the pool, before the bees, that are trying to get at what you have left on the outside of yourself, eat you up or sting you to

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death. Be off, I tell you,"—and away Monkey-Pug limped, cuffing at the bees, glad to get off so easily with a whole skin; in spite of the bruises received when the big water-melon fell upon him from the top of the stone wall by the melon patch.

Snug went to the man-monkey and told the whole truth the next morning, but it was then too late to save the melon. The man-monkey received him kindly but said little, and forgot to offer Snug any more water-melon, which did not really matter, for he was glad to feel that

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he had tried to be honest and truthful about the whole affair—water-melon or no water-melon.

**When the Hoodlums
Played Turtle With
Snug**

II

THE HOODLUMS PLAYED TURTLE

THERE is another story that Snug the boy-monkey helped to make himself, and before he got to the end he had more help in making things lively, than was pleasant, however funny it might have seemed to the other monkeys who joined in the sport.

Snug was very fond of water. Not that he cried for it in the bathtub on a cold morning, or used any more than he really needed on his hands and face, after

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romping about in the fields or playing ball with his mates.

He was fond of water in large quantities like brooks and ponds and rivers. He liked the swift-running brooks where he could send little wooden or birch-bark boats bobbing up and down in the stream through the little rapids and eddies, till they floated on out of sight, perhaps to be found by some other young monkey, far down the stream who would wonder where they came from. .

Snug especially liked the ponds where the frogs gave

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their concerts in the spring, and the turtles sunned themselves on the drift-wood, lodged on the shallows out of reach from the shore.

He did not enjoy hurting or killing the frogs because they were so timid and harmless, but the turtles dozing on a plank within an easy throwing distance from the edge of the pond, were such a tempting mark that he sometimes amused himself by pelting them with pebble-stones or green cocoanuts, just for the fun of seeing them waddle off into the water when his

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shots hit them, or came too near for comfort.

The river he liked best of all, because his father-monkey had a row-boat and was also teaching him to swim. Snug enjoyed the swimming lessons and was getting on finely, for the father-monkey told him that the way to learn to swim was not to be afraid, to keep his mouth closed, take in deep breaths and strike out slowly and steadily, imitating the motion of the frog's hind legs.

One warm afternoon Snug thought he would take a little swimming lesson all alone and with-

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out permission, just to prove that he wasn't afraid, and perhaps because he knew that he would not be allowed to go if he said anything about his plan beforehand.

So off he went, and thinking it would be fun to wade about in the shallow water and push the boat in front of him, he put his clothing into the boat and began pushing and splashing and having great sport all by himself.

Even good swimmers are careful when bathing in rivers, because the swift currents, or hidden springs of colder water, sometimes

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wear deep holes or gullies very near the shore and sand-bars, that are risky and dangerous.

Snug felt safe and confident with his hands gripped on the end of the boat as he pushed it along where the water wasn't deep, until he suddenly found his footing gone and his head pulled under water by the plunge, in spite of his tight grip on the stern of the skiff.

Sputtering the water from his mouth, and clinging fast to the boat Snug dangled and floated with the current for several minutes, which seemed



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hours to him in his fright, and although he tried his best to climb into the boat, the light craft tipped and wobbled so easily that he nearly upset it several times in his struggles to get aboard.

While drifting, clinging and waiting to get breath for another attempt, his feet touched bottom, and in his eagerness to have something to stand on once more Snug let go of the boat, and cautiously waded ashore, thankful to be safe on dry land again, while the boat with his clothing went floating away lightly down the

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stream as if glad to be rid of its flopping and floundering burden.

Naked and alone on the river bank with the prospect of losing the boat as well as his clothing, Snug ran along the shore hoping that some friendly current would send the boat shoreward near enough for him to wade out and get it, but after a long chase he gave it up and silently watched the runaway skiff, with his best suit, go floating further and further from the shore and down the stream on its way to the ocean somewhere miles and miles below.

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Then he began to think about getting home, and was surprised to find that it was nearly sunset, and he remembered that there was to be an evening parade and fireworks in the village.

He was a long way from home, stark naked, and the streets would be full of his monkey-friends and companions, who would wonder at his plight and put him to shame before he could reach the shelter of his home.

Snug trudged along hoping to meet some one to help him out of the scrape, but the stragglers

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had all gone to the village to see the parade. At last he decided to hide in the bushes near the street that led to his home, and wait until the coast was clear, and as the night breeze was growing chilly he was glad to crawl into an empty flour barrel for shelter until the parade was over.

One end of the barrel was open and the other broken in, making a hole large enough to put his head through, by standing up, when he wished to look out and watch for a chance to make a race for home.

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The hours of waiting were long, but the parade and fireworks were over at last, and under the cover of the barrel, Snug moved along cautiously, stopping and ducking his head inside, every time he heard a noise, until he came to an open field and began to think he could safely leave his wooden overcoat and make a lively run for home unseen by anyone.

Just at that moment round the corner came a strolling party of monkey-hoodlums who caught sight of the strange object in the moonlight, and one of whom shouted: "Hi there,

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see the big turtle out on a lark.”

Snug ducked his head just in time to escape a shower of green cocoanuts and stones from the crowd, who kept up the sport for several minutes while the missiles banged and rattled against the sides of the barrel, until tired of pelting the “big turtle,” the hoodlums came near, upset the barrel and discovered the squirming monkey inside.

Snug tried to get out, but the hoodlum monkeys penned him in, and, wild for fun, they shouted: “Let’s give him a ride down the hill.”



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The field sloped toward the village and in a few seconds the barrel was sent spinning down hill with Snug rolling and tumbling inside, and wondering what would happen next when the barrel should stop rolling and give him a chance to use his legs once more.

The shouts of the hoodlums on the hill brought a monkey-policeman 'round the corner of the street just in time to meet the barrel and Snug rolling slowly by, until it bumped against a post and suddenly stopped.

When the bruised, naked and dizzy Snug crawled

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out of the barrel he was roughly seized by the monkey-officer who thought he was one of the hoodlums that had been making other disturbances that evening, and before Snug could explain who he was or how he came there, he was marched off to the lockup.

Snug's absence from home had not alarmed the family because they thought it likely he had stayed away to watch and follow the parade, but when the fireworks were over, and Snug did not return, they began to get anxious and to make en-

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quiries in the neighbourhood.

About the time Snug was taking his roll-and-tumble ride down hill, a fisherman-monkey came into the village with a bundle of clothing and the alarming report that some monkey-boy had probably been drowned, as he had found the clothing in an empty skiff drifting down the river miles below.

The father-monkey at once recognised the suit as that of his own precious Snuggie, and calling his friends together, an anxious party set out for the

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river to search for the missing monkey-boy.

The tired, sorry and almost dazed young prisoner in the lock-up had been given an old coat and blanket to wrap himself in, and was wondering what he could do or say to convince the monkey-officer that he was Mr. Snuggleton-Monkey's only son, and not a hoodlum, when the door of his cell was opened and he heard someone say, "Perhaps this is the young monkey you are looking for; he evidently has been in swimming if he hasn't been drowned, and has had a good airing

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in a barrel with time enough to dry off since he came out of the water.”

In less time than it takes to tell it, Snug was in his father's arms, and with much rejoicing the searching party escorted the happy and grateful father-monkey and son to the anxious and almost broken-hearted mother-monkey at home.

The wooden barrel was afterwards sawed half through the middle, and down from the top, and made into an arm-chair, which Snug's good mother padded and covered with bright coloured cloth for

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her dear little monkey-son
to sit in when he was tired,
and wished to think about
“playing turtle in a
wooden overcoat.”

**Snug Visits the
Turtles and Meets a
Hungry Parrot**

III

SNUG VISITS THE TURTLES AND MEETS A HUNGRY PARROT

LITTLE Snug-Monkey wasn't looking for any new mischief one morning when he went over to the turtle pond, partly to have a pleasant walk and partly to have a quiet talk with the turtles, if any of his turtle friends had crawled out so early to enjoy the morning sunshine.

Ever since Snug's accident with the boat in the river, and the rough treatment given him by the

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monkey-hoodlums in his “wooden-overcoat,” when they called him a “big-turtle,” pelting him with stones and green coconuts, and rolling him down hill in the barrel, he had changed his mind about the funny end of pelting the harmless turtles.

Snug liked to think that all the harmless creatures of the field, the birds in the trees and hedges, and even the frogs and turtles in the ponds, were friendly, and he wondered how he could have been so stupid as to enjoy scaring the turtles or hurting them, for his own idle amusement.

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He was glad to see half a dozen or more old and young turtles out sunning themselves on the drift-wood, as he came to the edge of the pond.

“Good morning, turtles,” said Snug in his pleasantest tones; “don’t be frightened, I only want a quiet talk; no pelting this time, I promise you.”

“Kerchug! Kerchug! Splash!” was the only answer as the turtles woke up and made haste to tumble into the water out of sight, as quick as they heard Snug’s voice.

Snug was half ashamed, and half provoked, that the

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turtles should doubt his word, and refuse to hear what he had come in all kindness to say, until he thought of the hoodlum-monkeys, and the pains he had taken to shun their company since they played "turtle" with him and his wooden overcoat.

While he was thinking about this he saw two or three turtle noses sticking up through the brushwood, peeping at him with their blinking little eyes, and so he tried again.

"Just wait a minute, will you, and hear what I have come to tell you," said Snug quietly. "I'm

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sorry I have treated you shabbily, and I don't blame you for hiding, but honest now, you can trust me in future. Come out and be comfortable in the sun and let's have a talk."

One of the boldest of the turtles presently waddled and flopped himself on top of a floating board, and said: "I'm afraid you will bear watching, and I should enjoy our chat better if you would put your hands way above your head where I can see whether you have anything in your hands or up your sleeve, in case you should change your mind."

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“That’s a cool way to treat a friend,” replied Snug “but I’ll do it to please you,” and up went both hands, high above his head, making Snug look as if he had met a highwayman, and was about to be searched and robbed.

“What made you change your mind?” asked the turtle.

“Oh, I had a chance to play being a turtle myself a little while,” answered Snug; “just long enough to learn where the fun does not come in for the turtle.”

“That’s funny; tell me about it,” said the turtle.



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“It is too long a story, and I’m not quite sure I should find it amusing to repeat it to you, but I will tell you that the hoodlum-monkeys had lots of fun with me, and didn’t seem to mind my bruises, or care for my feelings, so long as they could make things lively by throwing stones, and rolling me over and over, and down hill, until I did not know whether I was a turtle, a foot-ball, a wooden image, or a monkey.”

“Ho! Ho! Great larks! wasn’t it?” shouted the turtle. “Tell me some more. When are you go-

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ing to play turtle again—I'd like to be there to see the fun."

"I tell you it wasn't fun—it was brutality," sharply replied Snug.

"Hurt you much?" asked the turtle, trying to hide a snicker.

"See here, I'm getting tired of holding up my hands and trying to be friendly with you," said Snug. "Just put yourself in my place and see how you would like it."

"Oh, I've been there, several times, and perhaps you may remember one or two of the occasions," slyly answered the turtle.

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“There you go twitting me, when I came over here just to apologise and make friends with you,” sulkily answered Snug. “I’m going home.”

“Wait a minute,” said the turtle, “it is my turn now. I’m sorry I hurt your feelings—but oh, it is funny to think what a difference it makes when a monkey gets hold of the turtle end of the sport. Let’s call it quits, and be good friends, and some day I’ll show you my birthday figures, which I wear on my back. My breakfast is waiting—excuse me now. Good

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morning. Come again soon."

"Kerchunk!" and the turtle disappeared under water. Snug said "By-by" to the ripples, and left the pond glad that he had "made-up" with the turtles, and not a little surprised that the turtles had such clear ideas about how things work when the other fellow throws the stones or green coconuts.

Snug had gone but a few rods when he heard a voice overhead saying: "Pretty little monkey-boy, please stop a minute. Polly wants a cracker, do

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you happen to have one in your pocket?"

Snug looked up and saw a handsome grey and gold parrot perched in the branches of an evergreen tree close by, and replied:

"Hello, Poll. Where did you come from?"

"Skipped away from the sailors who kept me at school in a wire cage, on board the ship that came into the harbour here last week," answered the parrot, and added: "It's hollow talking on an empty stomach. Polly wants a cracker."

"Sorry I haven't a cracker with me, but here

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is a piece of ginger-bread I was saving for luncheon. Come and get it if you are hungry," said Snug, as he took the sweet-cake from his pocket.

The parrot flew down and perched on Snug's shoulder, mumbling a hasty "Thank you," as he nibbled at the welcome lunch.

"Better come home with me," said Snug.

"Not while I have wings that will work," replied Poll. "I've been clipped, and caged and educated until I hardly know myself. I'm free now and I mean to keep so."

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“Free to starve to death in the woods, I should say,” replied Snug.

“Well, I confess I’m hungry this morning, but I can take care of myself when I get my bearings, and the better use of my wings. I always did before I was caught and clipped.”

“What do you mean by ‘clipped’?” enquired Snug.

“Having my wing-feathers pulled out, or cut off on one side,” answered Poll. “You would call it being crippled if one of your legs was disabled or shortened and made useless.”

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“Couldn’t you fly at all?” asked Snug.

“I thought I could, and I managed to unhook my cage door one dark night, and flew away from the ship to find the shore that was only half a mile off, but it was only a merry-go-round journey after all.”

“Didn’t you get away?” questioned Snug.

“Oh, yes, I got away, but I couldn’t stay away. I flew, and flew and flew all night, and thought I had left the ship miles behind, but when daylight came there I was flying round and round that ship

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in a circle. I couldn't fly straight however hard I tried."

"Why not?" still questioned Snug.

"Because one wing was shorter than the other, and kept me wheeling to the weak side all the time—round and round, until I was glad to fall into the water and let the sailors fish me out and put me back in the cage."

"Had better luck this time, didn't you?" said Snug.

"Luck, or pluck or a little of both," answered the parrot. "They clipped both wings after

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that, and both grew out alike, so when they tried to clip them again the other day, I bit the finger of the sailor who was holding me, until he dropped me on the deck, and I didn't wait to say 'good-by,' or to listen to his compliments. Oh, but that sailor was a singer and no mistake! You might have heard his wow! wow! wow! way over here."

"You said something about 'school.' Are you an educated parrot?" asked Snug.

"Educated?" replied the parrot. "I should say I

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was. I can sing the ‘Star Spangled Banner’ backwards—and speak three languages in a minute.”

“Three languages in a minute! You must be a scholar. Sorry I can’t stay longer to hear you,” said Snug, “but I must be off, or get a tardy mark at school.”

“Come back after school, and bring me a cracker or more of that sweet stuff, and I’ll teach you how to do it,” said Poll, “but be sure to come alone and keep my secret, for I’m looking for trouble until that ship leaves port.”

“All right,” replied

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Snug. "I'll bring you a supper before dark and we will have a few private lessons just between ourselves."

The parrot flew back to



the tree and Snug went to school, but his head was so full of turtle and parrot talk that he got a bad mark in all his classes and wore the "dunce-cap" half the afternoon just because he had tried to be friendly

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with the turtles and to be good to a hungry parrot, and couldn't stop thinking about it all long enough to study his lessons.

**Snug' and the Wicked
Parrot**

IV

SNUG AND THE WICKED PARROT

THE Monkey-town school-room where Snug went to school was very light and airy in pleasant weather, because it was all out-of-doors in a tree top; the wooden seats and desks were very easy and convenient for monkeys, because the branches of the tree grew and spread out just right for the purpose; the monkey-pupils were not kept in at recess, for looking out of the windows, instead of studying their books, because there

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were no walls or windows nearer than the sky or mountains.



When the showers were not too wet they waited in a water proof grove until the shower was over; when

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the storm was heavy and long the school was dismissed, and some of the idle young monkeys wished a thunder storm would last a whole week, because they were only idle monkeys and did not know any better.

Another reason was because these idlers were tired of seeing their names written on the black-board every day like this:

“Monkey Number Three will remain after school closes for an hour, to finish studying his spelling lesson.”

“Monkey Number Five will sit on the dunce-block

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while the others go out to play, for popping his pea-gun during school hours.”

“Monkey Number Seven will now be given a taste of a limber willow-switch, for eating nuts and throwing the shells at the good little monkeys on the front seats.”

“Monkey Number Nine will wear the large leather medal on his breast when he goes home to-night, for doing monkey-shines instead of his arithmetic, and his father will do the rest, or I will in the morning.”

Of course these were good reasons for not wish-

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ing to go to school, but monkey-boys are monkey-boys, and what else could be expected of idle young monkeys? You can guess what our Snug's number was, when you have finished reading the stories he helped to make.

Snug-monkey did not forget the promise he had made the Poll parrot who had offered to teach him how to talk in three languages in a minute, if Snug would bring him a good breakfast before going to school the next morning.

About eight o'clock Snug reached the big tree near the turtle-pond and

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found the parrot roosting on the same branch where he had left him the night before.

“Good morning, Poll,” said Snug cheerily. “Why don’t you brace up and look cheerful?”

“Morning—glad you have come at last,” grumbled Poll. “Perhaps you would find it easy to ‘be cheerful’ between meals, on one small piece of ginger-bread since yesterday morning.”

“Sorry I am so late,” said Snug, taking a couple of crackers from his pocket.

“Better late than never. I am hungry enough to eat

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a shingle with a gravel-stone sauce," said Poll, and fluttering down to Snug's shoulder the hungry parrot began to munch the crackers.

"Anything happened during the night?" asked Snug.

"Happened?" repeated Poll. "I didn't get a wink of sleep. The grove over yonder is full of owls that hooted 'Who, who, who are you?' all night long, and when I told them that I was a tired stranger and would like to get a nap before morning, they kept right on asking the same question, 'Who, who, who

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are you?' over and over again."

"Why didn't you have an evening school and teach them to talk like yourself, in three languages?"

"Teach an owl!" muttered Poll. "Might as well try to teach a crow to sing. The owl thinks he is a wise bird because he looks as though he might be, and because he can ask a question and stare like a 'graven image' when you answer."

"Did the owls come over to see you?" questioned Snug.

"Oh, yes, they thought

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they had found a long-lost cousin," said Poll, "and seemed to think a respectable grey-and-gold parrot was a painted owl, because our faces look a little alike, especially our curved beaks. But I am tired of owls. Did you bring any more crackers?"

"Just one more, which you would better save for luncheon," replied Snug, "but I found these dry sun-flower seeds in the attic."

"Oh, thank you. How kind and thoughtful you are! I dote on sun-flower seeds, and I hope you will excuse my manners when

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you came, for I was feeling very peckish," replied the now smiling Poll.

"Peck away at the sunflower seeds, and if you can do two things at once, please begin teaching me the three languages or I shall be late for the school-bell," said Snug.

"Certainly, with pleasure. Glad you reminded me of my part of the contract. If you are ready we will begin now."

For the next fifteen minutes Snug listened and repeated the strangest lot of words and short sentences he had ever heard in his life, which he did

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not understand, but thought they must be very smart and witty because the parrot chuckled, in a silly way, every time Snug repeated the senseless words.

When the warning school-bell rang, Snug said "good-by" to Poll, who told him as they parted that they might not meet again—and it was perhaps fortunate for Poll that they never did.

At recess Snug was so anxious to show off and surprise his monkey-mates with his skill in three languages, that he called his chums together and began

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to recite the parrot-talk to the astonished group.

The school-master, who chanced to be near at hand, overheard Snug's glib chatter, and was so shocked that he could hardly believe his own ears. Before Snug had half finished his showing-off, the monkey school-master seized him by the collar and sternly said: "No more of that vulgar and profane talk here, you wicked little rascal," and without waiting for Snug to explain that he was only repeating what the parrot had taught him, the monkey-master led Snug to a brook near





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by, and called the school to come and see the rest of the entertainment.

Then one of the monkey-pupils was sent to bring a sponge, and when brought, poor Snug was ducked in the river and had his mouth washed out with the sponge so many times and so thoroughly that he thought his teeth were getting loose.

When this punishment was over the monkey-master hung a big leather medal on Snug's breast and sent him home with a note to the father-monkey, telling him all about it and what a horrid, vulgar and

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wicked young monkey his only son had become.

Snug's good mother-monkey read the note and didn't believe a word of it, for she had never heard anything of the kind from her Snuggie's lips.

Snug was so glad to have someone who would listen to him, and believe he meant no harm, that he told her the whole story, and repeated a little of the parrot-talk, until she stopped him and explained what the parrot's talk in three languages really meant.

Then the ashamed and blushing Snug learned that

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he had been taking lessons and learning to repeat words used only by monkey-hoodlums, monkey-pirates and stupid Poll parrots.

When the father-monkey came home and heard the whole truth about the matter, he was sorry for Snug, and so angry with the parrot that he declared he would clip that Poll parrot's tongue as well as wings, if he ever caught him in that neighbourhood.

The next morning he went with Snug and explained the Poll parrot's shabby trick to the monkey-master and the school,

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which cleared Snug's good name and made the future look a little brighter, but the babbling brook never seemed quite the same to Snug after that "wash out" of the Poll parrot's talk in three languages.

A few days later a large, printed sheet, like a circus poster, was found tacked on to a tree in Monkeytown, which read:

CAUTION

"A villainous tame parrot, that escaped from my ship a few days ago, is loose somewhere in this neighbourhood.

"All monkey-parents are cautioned to keep a sharp lookout for this runaway parrot, and to warn their sons

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to shun this deceitful and vulgar creature.

“This Poll parrot often leads young monkeys astray by pretending to be a teacher of languages.

“Although sometimes able to talk with decency for a few minutes, this wretched bird has been so much in the company of pirates, hoodlums and other vicious parrots, that swearing and all kinds of vulgar slang seem to have become natural to the parrot, but shocking to all well-bred gentle-folk.

“If found at large, the finder may keep the parrot as a frightful example. The owner has no use for that kind of a bird on the ship.

“[Signed] CAPTAIN SAILORMAN.”

* * *

When the monkey-friends read this notice they all agreed that Snug wasn't such a bad monkey-boy after all, for the same accident might have hap-

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pened to any other young monkey, had not Snug been the first and only one, in all Monkey-town, to go to school to a parrot.

**Playing "Wild Indians
and Buffaloes"**

V

PLAYING WILD INDIANS



ONE Saturday afternoon Snug-Monkey and Monkey-Pug planned to go off into the fields by themselves and play they were Wild Indians out hunting Buffaloes.

There wasn't a real buffalo within a thousand miles of Monkey-town, but that didn't matter, for these young monkeys knew the kind of game they were going to hunt, and it was just as easy to imagine the woods were full of buf-

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faloes as to play that they were Wild Indians, and it made the sport much more exciting.



Armed with wooden guns they marched off to the pasture-fields, where they found plenty of the game they were looking for, waiting for them in the

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pasture hedge-rows and underbrush.

“There goes a buffalo. Head him off, Snug!” shouted Monkey-Pug, as a nimble creature about half the size of a full-grown monkey bounded over the stone wall, and perched on a hummock in plain sight.

This “Buffalo” was the kind of an animal whose ears were longer than his fore-legs, his hind legs nearly as long as his body, and his tail as short as if it had been cut off twice before it had really begun to grow.

When Snug and Monkey-Pug were not playing

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that they were Wild Indians, they called this kind of a creature by his real name, Jack-Rabbit, and Jack-Rabbit didn't mind what the hunters with the wooden guns called him, so long as he could outrun the fleetest monkey that ever was born.

Neither was Jack-Rabbit afraid of wooden guns, unless he let the hunters get near enough to use them as clubs, and he really liked a little fun himself when the weather was fine and young monkeys were not too thick in the neighbourhood.

When the hunters had

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climbed the wall and were going to surround the game, Jack-Rabbit cocked up his ears, and, winking his eye, called out merrily: "You are It! Catch me if you can." Then he loped away at an easy pace for a quarter of a mile or more.

This he repeated several times, as the monkey-hunters came near, until he had led them a merry chase in a wide circle back to the starting point.

Then he sat up on a hummock and began to wag his ears criss-cross, while he sang a little song about short legs and long

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ears to the panting hunters,
who had thrown themselves
down on the grass
to rest and get breath for
a fresh start; and this is
the song he sang:

“O, little boy-monkeys, your legs are
too short,
Your tails are too long for your
ears;
You better look out or you will get
caught
With my wagglety-wagglety
shears!

“O, little boy-monkey, why turn you
so pale,
At my wagglety-wagglety ears?
I can piece out your legs with a piece
of your tail
With my wagglety-wagglety
shears.”

This was more than the



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Wild Indians could stand, and Snug said he wished they had brought his father's shot-gun with them, for the sight of it would frighten that saucy Jack-Rabbit to death, even if the gun wasn't loaded.

Monkey-Pug said he knew where the gun-rack was in the stable, and after hesitating a minute Snug said, "All right. You go ahead and get it, and I'll stay here and amuse this Jack-Rabbit until you get back with the gun."

Snug began to tease the rabbit by asking him if he could spell rabbit-pie backwards, and how he

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would prefer to be cooked—boiled, stewed or roasted—and other personal questions intended to hurt Jack-Rabbit's feelings—which was a monkey's way of trying to be funny—until Monkey-Pug came creeping back with the gun.

Of course they thought the gun "wasn't loaded," like many other monkeys, some of whom only lived long enough to find out how easy it is to be mistaken when fooling with fire-arms.

Jack-Rabbit seemed to think it would be safer to move a little farther away,

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and Pug started on a run to head him off for fear Jack-Rabbit would get away before he had been frightened to death by the sight of the gun.

Pug shouted to Snug as he ran, "Ready. Take aim. Fire!" and Snug dropped on his knees, brought the gun to his shoulder to go through the motions as ordered, and to make it seem more real he cocked the gun, pulled the trigger and to his horror the gun went off with a "bang!" quickly followed by a wild monkey-shriek.

When Snug had picked himself up from the recoil

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of the gun, Jack-Rabbit had disappeared, and Monkey-Pug was dancing on one foot, howling with fright and shouting between breaths, "O, I'm killed, I'm killed!"



Snug ran to his side and was glad to find that only a few scattering bird-shot had hit Pug in the leg, while the greater part of

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the charge had torn up the turf nearby. Monkey-Pug wasn't so easily convinced that his wounds were slight, and begged Snug to help him to the Doctor's office, declaring as he limped off, leaning on Snug, that he knew he should die before he got there, and then have his leg cut off into the bargain. On the way Snug remembered he had left the gun behind, and ran back to get it.

When he came within a few rods of the place where he had dropped the gun, there sat Jack-Rabbit, gun in hand, who called out to him, threateningly, "Now

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it's my turn. Come one step nearer and I will fire."

Two thoughts flashed into Snug's mind: that the gun was single barrellled and now he knew it "wasn't loaded," and the other was that Jack-rabbits did not wear cartridge belts stocked with hunting-shells.

"Fire away! Who's afraid?" he shouted back, and sprang after Jack-Rabbit, who had turned to run as soon as he saw that his bold challenge did not scare the monkey.

The gun was heavy and Snug soon caught hold of the butt and wrenched it

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away, while Jack-Rabbit skipped over the wall as Snug shouted after him:

“You better look out for your wagglety ears,
Or I’ll clip ’em as short as your tail;
For I know where there’s a pair of big shears
That’ll make a Jack-rabbit turn pale!”

Then Snug joined his wounded chum, and when they reached the Doctor’s office, the monkey-surgeon found three or four little round bits of lead lodged just under the skin, which he easily removed with his forceps, and patched up the places with plaster.

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When told how the accident had happened, and that they "didn't know the gun was loaded," the monkey-surgeon sternly said: "You are lucky to get off so easily. Be off with you now, and the next time either of you try fooling with a strange gun you may be lucky enough to hit a stone wall, or get more shot in the wrong place."

This sounded very cruel and unkind, but the gruff old monkey-surgeon was growing old, and getting rather tired of patching up young monkeys and old, on Fourth of July and be-

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tween times, whose only excuse for getting hurt or hurting others, was that they "didn't know it was loaded."

When Snug reached home, and had put the gun in the rack in the stable, he met his mother-monkey, who at once began to tell him what had happened while he had been away:

That a fierce hen-hawk had caught one of their best pullets and carried her off to the top of a tall tree just over the way, and had eaten the pullet right in plain sight, because someone had borrowed or sto-

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len father-monkey's gun from the stable.

Snug quickly explained that he had taken the gun but had put it back in the rack all right.

“Run at once,” said the mother-monkey, “and tell your father, who is out in the orchard with a club, watching the chickens for fear the hawk will come back to get another.”

Snug ran and told his father that he had put the gun back in the stable, and away rushed the father-monkey in haste to get the gun, remarking, “I’ll settle with you later. I have a little business to attend

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to with that hawk over there in the tree.”

Presently the father-monkey came back with the gun just in time to see the hawk swoop down upon another pullet. The father-monkey raised the gun to his shoulder, and, taking a quick aim upon the hawk, he pulled the trigger and—“click!” went the hammer, but no “bang,” while the hawk took his pick from the flock and calmly soared away over the tree-tops into the forest beyond.

The father-monkey looked at the hawk, at his gun and at Snug, and then

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sat down on the grass and covered his face with his hands.

Snug hastened to his side and earnestly asked, "What is the matter, father? Are you hurt?"

"Not much! My only son has broken my heart; I have lost two of my best pullets, and I would give the whole flock to get square with that rascally hawk, and the monkey that unloaded my gun. I may live through it, but I don't know whether you will or not!"

But Snug did,—for the father-and mother-monkey finally decided that a man-

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monkey who foolishly left a loaded gun in the stable was almost as much to blame for the accident as the boy-monkey who “didn’t know the gun was loaded.”



**The Rabbit-Horse and
Turtle-Rider**

VI

RABBIT-HORSE—TURTLE-RIDER

JACK-RABBIT had enjoyed his breakfast and was wondering what he could do next to keep himself out of mischief.

The birds overhead in the grove were having a morning concert, the tiny creatures under the leaves and grass were busy about their own affairs, and the rocks and hummocks over in the pasture seemed unusually dull and lifeless.

The pasture reminded him of the lively time he

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had run away from, a few days before, when he played Buffalo, and Snug and Monkey-Pug were Wild Indians.

Then Jack-Rabbit lay down in the high grass and laughed until his sides ached, chuckling and talking to himself as he thought about how well his "wagglety ears" plan had worked, while the Indians were armed only with wooden guns.

Somehow the little scheme did not seem so funny when he remembered the "bang!" of the real gun, and he began to get lonesome and restless.

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“I wonder what makes me feel so nervous this morning,” said Jack to himself. “It is about time for the turtles to be crawling out into the sun. I’ll take a gallop over to the pond; they are better company than none,” said Jack to himself.

Bounding away at full speed, Jack soon reached the pond, and, springing to within a few feet of the log on which the turtles were dozing, he shouted :

“Wake up, sleepy! or the nightmare will catch you in broad daylight.”

“Mercy, how you startled me!” said old Shellback

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Turtle, while the others tumbled off the log and hid in the water.

“You ought not to be so nervous and flighty, at your time of life,” said Jack. “Why should you be afraid when you have your house on your back to hide in at any time?”

“I thought you were a hungry fox, or one of those hoodlum-monkeys playing truant from school,” replied Shellback.

“Which do you like best, foxes or hoodlums?” asked Jack.

“Neither, when they meddle with me or mine,” said Shellback, “but I

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would live in peace with them, and the rest of you over-grown creatures, if foxes were not so hungry, the hoodlums were not so fond of cruel sport, and you were not so boisterous when making morning calls during my nap hours.”

“Oh, don’t be touchy and cross,” said Jack. “It is only my way of being cheerful, when I am lonesome and feel like talking with someone who has troubles of his own.”

“You seem to enjoy making your share of trouble for others,” muttered Shellback. “What were you stirring up those

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monkeys for, in the pasture the other day?"

"I didn't stir them up. They were stirring me up," said Jack.

"You have legs and ought to have left the hunters miles behind, instead of trying to be funny, when they had a gun," said Shellback.

"The monkeys had only wooden guns when they began the circus," replied Jack.

"I know, I know," said Shellback, "but you mocked them until they were angry, and then you know what happened."

"Oh, yes, the big one

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got shot in the legs, and you would have laughed the shell off your back to have heard that monkey howl, and to see him spin round on one foot. Haven't enjoyed anything so much since I saw you chewing and hanging on the ear of that young fox who was trying to break your grandson's back with a rock," replied Jack with a chuckle.

"That was no laughing matter. I was defending my helpless little ones. You have queer notions of fun that gives pain to others. What a nice, tender-hearted playmate you would have

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been had you been born a powerful tiger instead of a bragging, teasing Jack-rabbit!"

"I didn't come over here to listen to a free lecture," sulkily replied Jack, and to change the subject he asked:

"Where are all the little turtles this morning?"

"I'm here waiting for you to play horse and rider with me," piped a young turtle that was hiding in the underbrush.

"Come out and show yourself," said Jack, "and I'll give you a ride on my back, while your aged guardian thinks up another

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sermon, or finishes his nap."

The eager turtlet scrambled over the rubbish to Jack's side, and clambered on to his back, as the tall rabbit crouched close to the ground for the turtlet to mount.

"Be careful you do not fall off, and come back soon," cautioned Shellback, as off went the pair at an easy gallop over the fields.

Once out of sight from the pond, Jack quickened his gait and ran as if chased by greyhounds, while the frightened turtlet clung to his bounding seat and cried out:

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“Not so fast, not so fast, please! You will shake me off!”

“Quit sticking your sharp claws into my flesh, and hold on by my mane,” shouted Jack in answer, and continued at full speed for a few miles over hill and dale, until for lack of breath he halted in a clump of bushes, and began to scold the turtlet for hurting his back with the grip of his claws.

“You’ve drawn blood, you thankless little rascal. Don’t you know any better than to stick those needle-toes of yours into my tender shoulders?”



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growled Jack, as the turtlet tumbled off into the grass.

“How could I help it when you ran so fast, and joggled me so hard?” said the turtlet. “I thought you were running away from some danger, not just playing horse and rider easy, as you did the other day.”

“I’ll teach you not to answer back to me,” said the grumpy Jack. “If you don’t like my way you can walk home, when you get ready.”

“You will not leave me way off here alone, will you?” cried the frightened turtlet. “How can I

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ever get back, it is so far, and I do not know the way?"

"You will be as old as your grandfather by the time you get home, and that lecturing Shellback will be surprised to see how you have grown," said Jack, so sternly that the little turtlet began crying as if his heart would break.

Jack backed off a short distance, and sat down, as if he had no more to say, when "snap! click!" went something close behind him, and when he tried to jump away his stubby tail was caught fast in a small steel trap, which was

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fastened by a chain to a sapling.

Now it was Jack's turn to be frightened, and if the monkeys had been there



to see they might have laughed—had they been so ill-bred and revengeful—to see the Jack-rabbit standing on his hind legs, swinging a steel trap behind

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him, as if to lengthen out his stubby tail.

“Come here and see if you can help me,” said the squirming Jack to the astonished turtlet. “Luckily for me, the jaws of this trap have caught more fur than flesh in their grip, and perhaps with your sharp teeth you can nibble around the edges, and get me out of this wretched scrape, before the trapper comes to see what kind of an idiot Jack-rabbit he has caught.”

Jack was so cool about the situation that the turtlet never guessed how the fur pulled, or how big an ache one small end of a

RABBIT-HORSE—TURTLE-RIDER

very short tail could hold, when gripped in steel jaws, and he at once began to bite off the hairs all round the edge of the trap.

At last only the tip end of a bare stump of the tail was still held in the firm-gripping trap, and with a sigh that ended in a groan Jack said:

“Stand back now, and give me a slack on that chain, while I make a jump for freedom. Something has got to come, tail or no tail.

“Wow! How that hurt!” shouted Jack, as with a bound he landed ten feet away, leaving be-

RABBIT-HORSE—TURTLE-RIDER

hind a clump of fur and skin in the trap.

“That’s getting off with tail to spare,” said Jack, as he twisted his head about to see how much he had left on his body, and took a quick glance at the other part which his plucky jump had left in the jaws, that seemed to be grinning at him.

Turning to the turtlet Jack smiled a feeble, sickly smile as he remarked:

“I’ll give you an easy ride home, Sonny, if you promise never, never to tell what has happened to me here. I was only joking when I teased you about

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leaving you to walk home. It is only one of my cheerful ways—and you mustn't mind a little thing like that, any more than I do that keepsake I am leaving here for the smarty-smart trapper.

“Oh, but that is a good joke on him! How he will enjoy his rabbit supper to-night! I hope he has a large family of small children with full-grown appetites. Come on, ‘Turt.’ I shall feel better moving on, but please grip the fur only, this time. I’ve lost flesh and blood enough for one day. Prepare to mount! Mount!”

RABBIT-HORSE—TURTLE-RIDER

Away went the rabbit-horse and turtle-rider, and as they reached the edge of the pond, Jack quietly said:

“Give my love to your dear grandfather, and tell him what a jolly ride you have had. I think I will not disturb his nap this noon, as I have a little matter that needs prompt attention. ‘Mum’ is the word, you know. By-by!”

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